


THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
Musical Repository.

MARCH, 1801.

THE MAID OF ST. MARINO.

(Concluded from page 79.)


TO add to the Count's distress, he was informed that his beloved wife and family were involved in the extended ruin. Banished from their peaceful villa, at Riombino; no one could tell what was become of them; and as Vanzenza had been merely a soldier of fortune, he was well assured, if living, poverty at best must be their portion. Thus oppressed, deserted, afflicted with cruel pains, and an incurable lameness (the consequence of the torturing rack), he sought some sequestered abode, where he might breathe out an existence embittered by such various calamities; and after wandering about for three years, enduring all the vicissitudes incident to his sad situation, it occurred to him to try his fate at St. Marino. How he succeeded has been seen; for, although penniless, he was not dejected; although friendless on his arrival, he soon procured, by that letter of recommendation—an open, candid manner—every convenience necessary to his comfort. We shall conclude this abbreviation with the finishing lines of his memoir, and which ran as follows.

“ Hail to this peaceful, this long sought retirement
Hail to that Being, who, for wise and gracious purposes,

has conducted my steps far from the haunts of cruelty and blood; where superstition has no power, where infernal treachery can no longer tear the heart-strings of unoffending innocence. Here I can coolly revise the incidents of a life oppressed by dark and unknown assassins. Dear, murdered Francis, repose in silence. The truth *will* appear; thy injured heir *will* be reinstated, if not in his own person, yet in his offspring. But, ah! Leonora—dost thou not taste the bitter cup of which thy Roderigo has so deeply drank? Hast thou not sunk beneath——But, be still, impatient spirit, nor slight the blessings still left in thy possession: again thou seest in every countenance a friendly regard. Yonder sweet maid, that ministers with so much delighted attention to the wants of suffering humanity, adds to thy comfort, and gives thee inexpressible pleasure! Her soft eyes, beaming with pity, reminds me that Gentleness and Mercy have taken up their abode at Marino. She is *the child of Humility!*—and Hope itself cannot look that way——Beangana, too! thou best of mistresses!—Alas! could'st thou have interfered——Richard—noble, unfortunate king of England—hard was thy fate!—and dare Roderigo murmur?"

From this last hint, it appeared that the misfortunes of that noble pair precluded the Count's attempts to solicit their assistance; so that his enemies had completely triumphed. How they affected his second seizure he gathered from Alonzo, who informed him that Signor Taverini had lately brought forward two of the Lazorini at Naples, who, though in general an inoffensive body of people, occasionally produced corrupted members; and these had positively sworn to the murder of Count Francis as committed by three of their brethren, *themselves*; and although strongly tempted by Taverini to join the infernal compact, decidedly refused to take an active part. He also said, they were engaged to appear against his prisoner on his arrival at Naples. Alonzo then spoke of the infinite trouble himself and companions had met with in their search after the Count. To the latter part of this information that unhappy nobleman was deaf. Taverini, the relative of Lady Juliana, and usurper of his rights at the Castle, now confessedly his prosecutor, took up all his thoughts. His former suspicions gained strength; there was a coalition, he now

fancied, between the two; and he felt eager to face them but he had no council, no protector: his royal friends Richard and Beangana, were no more; the judges were already prejudiced—had already evinced their sense of his imputed guilt, by inflicting the torture. What, then, could he again expect—but similar treatment? Thus mentally arguing upon the possible and the probable, Vanzenza reached Naples, and again took possession of the wretched dungeon in which he had formerly experienced so much suffering and sorrow. Lucia, too, whose tenderness and spirited defence he could not forget, now pressed upon his memory with pungent recollection. The ring he had seen reminded him of one formerly in the possession of Count Francis, and presented to him as a token of friendship by the mother of his Countess. But here his hope of elucidation dropped. There were more rings of the same description; and he sighed at the idea of that happiness he enjoyed when first taught to look upon the revered Princess Beangana as his patroness.

Several weeks had tediously elapsed in an hourly expectation of being again called to defend a cause so horrible to the feelings of Vanzenza.

Confined in a dark, damp, and dreary dungeon, he almost wished for the period of his enlargement, although clearly of opinion his death must speedily follow. At length the awful day arrived which was appointed for his final examination. A circumstance of this nature could not be concealed, and the Court was crowded with a most splendid assembly of both sexes.

Accompanied by the Lazoroni, who were decently attired, appeared Signor Taverini, who, placed near the judges, cast looks of contempt, mingled with an expression of fear, upon the humble, yet composed victim he had so long attempted to crush, whose squalid appearance and dejected figure could not overcome a dignity which attended his calm and steady examination of his enemies.

The testimony of the Lazoroni was to this effect—That they had been tampered with by Roderigo de Vanzenza to assassinate the late count Francis: and, upon urging their reluctance to undertake such a deed, he engaged three more to assist them; when overcome by the splendor of the proposed reward, they partly agreed to join in the villainous at

tempt—At this time the supposed criminal was with his family upon a visit to Riombino; but as soon as he had made this arrangement, returned to his post under the Princess. Upon comparing the consequences attending the execution of their promise, these two men refused to ratify it, and the business was done by the other confederates, who were since executed for a similar transaction. They then asserted, that, stung by the reflection of being involved in such a compact, they determined to disclose the whole matter to Signior Taverini, which happened sometime after Roderigo had been liberated, and swore point-blank to the truth of these assertions.

As this evidence was deemed absolutely decisive, the court proceeded to sentence Roderigo Vanzenza to be broke upon the wheel; and this doom was pronounced amidst the tears and exclamations of that noble audience.

The Count then stepped forward, and entreated to be heard; but, after condemnation, he was not permitted. Taverini, who, for reasons which will hereafter appear, exulted most indecently over the fallen sufferer, was about to leave the court and turning about for that purpose, found himself stopped by the entrance of several people, among whom was a lady close veiled. He then sat down again till the bustle should be subsided. Roderigo was not withdrawn, and the place remained crowded, when, on a signal from the judge, the new-comers were placed directly in front: a solemn stillness ensued.

The lady, slowly removing her veil, discovered the features of Juliana! Countess of Vanzenza. Amazement struck every one present; yet no one's astonishment equalled Taverini's. But what was his confusion, when the Countess, addressing that monster of iniquity, asked him if he remembered *that* countenance? [pointing to a person with whom she entered] and then added, "Receive your *friend*, Signior."—So saying, she presented to his recollection a figure the most formidable to his imagination.

——"Carlotti! exclaimed Taverini, as he shrunk from this unwelcome appearance.

——*Carlotti—yes!*" returned the man. "You cannot have forgotten one to whom you have been so confessedly obliged!"

Taverini, could not stand the taunting question: he trembled universally—hesitated—turned pale, and would have retired; but this was not permitted; and he had the mortification of hearing Carlotti interrogated respecting his business there.

"I am come," said the desperado, with a bold-undaunted air, "to clear the innocent—denounce the guilty—and render up to the laws of my country a life, which is now become hateful——I," and he raised his voice to an awful pitch——"I, in conjunction with that villain, murdered the good Count Francis. Possessed of diabolical strength, I first gagged him, then strangled him; but *he*," again looking at the sinking Taverini——"*he* was my instigator to the bloody deed!——*he* promised to free me from a prosecution, which (now renewed) must involve my life, if I would assist him.——*I did assist him*——and he kept off the danger I hinted at, which is of a treasonable nature, till, on a late application to him for money, he laughed at my request, and has even threatened my destruction. Now let him ward off his own!"

The malignant aspect of Carlotti, as he pronounced these last words, expressed the triumph of an infernal; and when Taverini was seized, he readily resigned himself to the same guard, who led them off amidst the shouts of a rejoicing multitude.

Lady Juliana, on the departure of these culprits advanced with a timid air to Vanzenza, who could scarcely support himself under the various conflicts of hope, surprise, horror, joy, and doubt: a cold perspiration hung on his forehead, and he was sinking on the gaoler's shoulder; when, perceiving the Countess's intention, he struggled with his feelings, and strove to receive her with a forced tranquility.

She gazed on his agitated features, caught the hand which trembled in her grasp, and burst into tears——"Forgive, oh, thou most injured of human beings!" apostrophized the poor Lady——"forgive the unintentional wrongs done you by a creature, who was made to believe you guilty of the worst and cruellest excesses!"

Here, overpowered by the keenness of self-condemnation, she stopt.—She could not articulate any thing more

than her earnest desire to see him immediately upon his liberation, when she would explain the horrible arts by which her credulity had been worked upon, her judgment misled, and even her humanity made to appear as a criminal weakness, that militated against the purity of conjugal affection.

Vanzenza kissed the hand which retained his; and being called upon to attend the decision of the judges, summoned every remain of fortitude to hear a sentence, which even then he in some measure dreaded to receive, while his acquired composure, and the long course of suffering he had endured, gave him, in almost every one's estimation, the merit of a Martyr.—

"You were brought hither, Signor Vanzenza," said the denouncer of his fate, "under a striking and probable impression of murdering your brother, Francis Count Vanzenza.—I, from a coalition of circumstances, unnecessary now to go over, found indispensable reason for your undergoing the ordinary question; and from the manner in which you bore it, I deduced on your part a criminal obstinacy, and felt myself justified in inflicting the second degree. It was soon after this event that an application was made to me to extend your confinement, from an idea that although positive proof was wanting, yet there was little reason to doubt the reality of your crime; in consequence you were not liberated till the prosecution fell to the ground by the disappearance of a material evidence; and after your departure from Naples, the remembrance of Count Vanzenza's assassination remained upon the minds of those who were interested in the discovery of a transaction, for which no particular motive could be applied: till at length, wearied by wrong conjectures, those who were most eager for the developement gradually remitted every enquiry: but on a late application for a renewal of the prosecution of you, Roderigo Vanzenza, I referred Signor Taverini to the ecclesiastic powers for your seizure, reserving to myself the privilege of again trying this extraordinary cause.—It now appears that, in consequence of Carlotti Dolci's self-crimination, *you*, Roderigo, now Count Vanzenza, are fully and honourably acquitted—restored to the title and estates of the deceased Francis. And I have further to say, that it will be expected that

you become an actual accuser of Taverini, as the heir of your late brother." So saying, the court broke up, amidst the plaudits and whispering execrations of a splendid audience, for there were few present who did not condemn the unfeeling precipitation of Vanzenza's former sentence.

The news of their Lord's acquittal, and his expected arrival, reached the ancient domestics residing with Lady Juliana, and converted a most gloomy residence into the abode of peace and joy. Tancred was amongst the foremost to pay his duty, and conduct the Count to his sister's chamber; who (upon sight of a venerable and now beloved relative, returned, as she would hope, to forgive and allow for the dreadful mistakes of premature judgment) evinced the liveliest marks of unfeigned tenderness—"My brother!" exclaimed the Countess,—“you have pardoned—yes, I feel you have pardoned, the delusion which has cost you so dear, attainted a noble character, and barbarously struck at your life; yet if any natural reluctance remains, listen, I entreat you, to my exculpation.”

“Cease, dear and respectable Juliana,” answered Rodrigo: “the exemplary retribution you have forwarded, proves your innocence respecting my calamity. Do not, then, mix with the information I most eagerly wish to receive, any invective against a conduct, which, I am sure, your motives will justify.”

Delighted with this generous assurance, she bowed her gratitude; and while refreshments of every delicate nature were preparing for the exhausted sufferer, she entered upon the following detail of horrible facts.

The ascendancy which Giovanni Taverini obtained in our family, certainly originated in that listlessness which marked the character of Count Francis, who sacrificed to his own temporary ease the quiet, the safety, and I fear his life. Left either to the dissipated society of a certain Cassino, or the yet more fascinating conversation of my cousin, no wonder I ceased to regret the lassitude of a husband, who seldom indulged me with the company which I should have undoubtedly preferred; and the death of a dear infant adding a forcible motive for my avoiding retirement, I became yet more indebted to Giovanni for his attention.

" Soon after my child's demise the base incendiary began to poison my mind against *you*. He urged the advantage Leonilla's departure would prove, supposing I had no other offspring; spoke of the Count's declining health as a cause of the dreadfulest suspicion of *your* rectitude; and even insinuated a possibility——O, my Lord, I tremble to say—that the uncle of my lost babe was obliquely accused of *her* destruction, and her father's ill health!"

" Monster of impiety!" groaned the indignant Vanzenza.—Lady Juliana would have waved a further explanation of the pernicious business, but he entreated her to proceed, which she did, and declared her abhorrence and disbelief of such a diabolical hint, till, by various means too tedious to develope, at that period, he so far obtained her credence as to induce doubts of Roderigo's innocence, which the assassination of her unhappy Lord confirmed.—

" No wonder, then," added she, weeping bitterly, " that I countenanced those barbarous proceedings against you—No wonder I joined in the renewed prosecution, after so many years had elapsed. In pursuing such a fratricide I thought myself completely justified, nor imagined myself otherwise than truly just in thus endeavouring to rid the world of one so criminal. But, oh, what a shock did the intelligence of Carlotti produce this eventful morning! Maddening with rage, pierced with grief for the evils I had caused, and indignant at my own credulity, I could scarce hear the murderer's story at an end.—' He will be lost!' I cried: ' fly, Carlotti—accuse the barbarian—defend the noble Count——But I will go myself, and defy the wretch.' Pleased with my proposal, Dolci accompanied me with a wild and savage eagerness; telling me, as I almost flew, that Taverini had begun his terrible career of infamy by spiriting away my child from the woman to whom she was entrusted."

" At what time was this deed of cruelty performed!"

" About fourteen years since."

" And Lucia is now fifteen."

" Lucia?" exclaimed the Countess.

" Pardon me, Lady Juliana—I was rather absent."

Vanzenza's agitation could not be concealed from his sister; and she entreated him to explain what he meant by

such a strange observation. Perceiving he had raised suspicions not easily to be done away, he went into a detail of the occurrences at St. Marino, not forgetting the ring he had seen in Lucia's possession.

This *was* to be, indeed, a day of wonders, for, before Vanzenza concluded his little story, suddenly appeared that very object about whom the Countess appeared so anxious, who rushed in, followed by the honest Jacques; and, careless of consequences, threw herself upon the astonished Vanzenza's bosom, expressing at the same time her joy at his deliverance, and this in terms so wild, yet artless, calling him by the most endearing titles, that Lady Juliana, overcome by her own feelings, approached with trembling feet to take a part in the ecstatic scene.

Lucia, raising her eyes, now felt somewhat abashed at the dignified appearance before her, and would have retreated, but the Count catching her hand, and addressing his sister—" *This*, dear Lady—*this*," he cried, " is the sweet girl, the mention of whose name gave rise to——."

He could say no more, the Countess had caught a view of Lucia's ring.——

" That ring," she tremulously observed, " was—yes—it was my husband's. Who, then, can this lovely creature belong to ?"

Jacques then, at Vanzenza's request, came forward, and related the following particulars respecting his young charge, whom he found in a superb tent belonging to a Turkish officer, the ornaments of which had attracted his notice, and induced the party to which he belonged to enter in hopes of plunder; that when their business was almost completed, a heavy groan, proceeding from a sofa, alarmed him. Turning, to see from whence it came, he perceived the figure of a man, apparently dying, who beckoned him with convulsive eagerness; and then pointing to the weeping little creature, clasped his hands as if to implore protection for it. As Jaques advanced, he perceived the sinking form respire with difficulty, and, unable to breathe another syllable, immediately expired. Struck with the scene, our soldier drew away the distressed child,

and, interested by her extreme grief, he determined not to abandon her; but, although inconveniently situated, contrived to keep her till the campaign ceased, after which period he returned to St. Marino; when, uncertain how far his generosity might be allowed for among his friends, Mingotli chose to announce her as the orphan of an English soldier, who had left property sufficient to maintain her sparingly, which the sale of those ornaments he found in the tent enabled him to do.

This was all Jacques could ascertain respecting his young favourite, and with this Vanzenza and Lady Juliana were obliged to be satisfied, although the wishes and half formed hopes of both pointed to an elucidation still more satisfactory.

Delighted with their cordial reception, Mingotli and his foster-child saw several days pass with unusual rapidity, nor once repented the eagerness with which they had quitted Marino to learn the fate of their valued friend.

The time soon arrived when Taverini and his iniquitous assistant were to receive the reward of their crimes; and on the morning after their condemnation, a memoir from Giovanni was received by the Countess, which accounted for the full revival of her long protracted felicity. It was couched in the following terms:

MEMOIR OF GIOVANNI TAVERINI.

The first part written before his Condemnation.

At a moment when the treachery and baseness of a conduct, which has brought about destruction to all my prospects, can no longer further the views I am constrained to abandon, this confession can claim no merit; nor is it extorted so much by justice, as a means of checking the triumph my fall has occasioned. Know, then, Lady Juliana, that, in default of a nearer claim, I, the despised Giovanni, am heir to Vanzenza's possessions; nor wonder if I strove to obtain it by what the cold-blooded man would denominate unlawful methods. Yes, Lady, I glory in the mischief I have wrought; and have the consolation to know, there is another dart in store to wound your peace—— Your child, the little Leonilla, I sent to England; where

she soon died, I fabricated the trumpery tale of my Cousin's apparition; and I—mark well the policy—imitated with exactitude a voice not easily to be copied. But what am I about?—Ah! how different are the sentiments which now actuate the wretched Taverini—my fate is decided—I must die!—Horrible!—No recompense can be made—Murdered Francis!—lost Leonilla!—Tortured Roderigo! When I began to write, it was under the influence of raging passion:—now reflection, aided by the representation of a worthy Monk, supersedes the reign of malice, and I am constrained to say—*I repent!* Forgive, then, oh, ye remaining victims of my infernal malice, forgive a wretch who cannot forgive himself!—Ha! what says Carlotti?—'Lady Juliana, your child lives—She is at St. Marino.—Claim her, Lady;—She is at Marino, I repeat.' But first hear Carlotti's confession, which you would have known before, but for reasons he chuses not to explain; although I imagine they originated in the hope of again seeing you, and expecting, on that confession, to claim your interference for his release. Those hopes are done away, and this is what he says.—“That in consequence of my orders, he conveyed the child and her nurse to England, where they were hospitably received. The horrid business I meant him to transact inducing him to return, he hastened hither, after appointing a means of correspondence with Leonilla's attendant, for whom he professed a great attachment. In consequence of which he was soon informed that the Countess of Salisbury, attracted by the child's beauty, took her into the family, and afterwards leaving England with the Earl, she was permitted to take the little girl and her nurse with her, who informed them of its origin, which procured Leonilla an attention equal to what a child of their own would have received. It was long after this, he was informed, that the Earl had been taken by the Turks, his family scattered, and himself numbered with the dead;—and, about two years since, business calling him to Marino, he saw a lovely creature, who was reported to be brought from Syria. The sight of this young girl immediately called to mind Leonilla, and his treachery: not that he could retain any knowledge of her features, but Leonilla *had* been taken to Palestine, and there was a possibility of her being captured with the Earl.”


"It must be so," cried the weeping Countess. "Blessed Jacques, thou hast preserved my child, and Leonilla shall reward thee!"

The memoir then concluded with reiterated petitions for pardon to those he had so grievously offended, who, struck by the evident sincerity of Taverini, joined in a full and free forgiveness of both the unhappy men. From a concomitance of every circumstance relating to Lucia's history, her consanguinity to the noble family was established beyond a doubt; herself remembering something of a voyage to Palestine—of seeing Lord Salisbury dying in the tent;—and she thought the Countess died on her passage to Palestine. Of the nurse she knew nothing after their arrival, nor was that of much consequence to those who had been so much injured by her treachery. But what fixed the idea of Lucia's affinity to Lady Juliana still more strongly, was the evidence of the ring, which, upon opening a spring, discovered the initials *J. V.* under a very small miniature, where that Lady's features were exactly delineated.

To Count Vanzenza, who daily approached to convalescence, this developement was particularly delightful. His paternal affections were Leonilla's before her origin was ascertained; and he now thanked heaven for the society his soul loved. Of his own family nothing ever transpired, and the secret anguish he nourished for their loss proved the insufficiency of mortal enjoyments.


It is hardly necessary to add, that Jacques and Marian withstood the very liberal offers of their noble friends, who wished them to reside at the castle, and passed the residue of their peaceful days in their favourite republic.

M.



BROMLEY MELMOT.

(Continued from Page 105.)


GEORGE Bromley, the late Rector, was a pious, charitable man: his property was small, but his integrity and rectitude of morals extreme. He had lost, in his twenty-

eighth year, an excellent and beloved wife; a blow, that, for some time, deprived him of happiness. In pursuance of that religion he professed, his resignation conquered his grief, and the welfare of those dear pledges she left behind became his chief care.—Henry, the elder, was sent to Cambridge, where he received a classical education; while Frances, the younger, at the age of eighteen, superintended her father's house.

At one of his vacations Henry brought with him to D—, a fellow collegian, a youth of pleasing appearance, and fascinating manners. On a mind so inexperienced as was the gentle Fanny's, his tender and insinuating behaviour made a deep impression; and, not suspecting that her dear Henry could have so little penetration as to profess friendship for a libertine, she heard his professions with pleasure, and acknowledged a reciprocity of esteem. Elated with his success, Augustus Montague returned with Henry to College, and then acknowledged his attachment to Frances. Highly gratified at the prospect of such a splendid establishment for his dear sister, he promised his assistance and heightened the passion already kindled, by a well-meant enumeration of her merits. In compliance with Montague's request, he readily agreed to promote a correspondence between them, which, under the sanction of a brother so revered, Fanny innocently consented to. This clandestine proceeding was at length discovered by the Rector, whose first reproachful word to Frances was, the accusation of her duplicity. Gentle and timid, she sunk under his anger, and promised to be guided implicitly by his judgment.

Mr. Bromley immediately wrote to Henry, desiring a just account of the family and expectations of Montague; reprehending him severely as the abettor of this deceit. To this Henry returned a warm and just vindication of his own innocence; alledging, that his friend, who had just then left College to commence his travels, was of a respectable family, nearly allied to the first nobility in the kingdom, and that his expectations were great, and far superior to what his sister (notwithstanding her merit and beauty) was likely to obtain. This letter Mr. Bromley gave to his daughter, who waited eagerly the decision. Her eyes beamed with joy as she perused it.—

"Deluded girl!" exclaimed her father: "you appear pleased at what is, in reality, the final destruction of all your hopes."

She started——"How, Sir!" she cried: "is not Montague——"

"Too great," said Bromley, interrupting her, "for the humble Fanny Bromley to dare lift her hopes. Think you, girl, that his parents would ever consent to his union with the daughter of a country clergyman—or that your father could be mean enough to defeat the intentions of his parents, for the gratification of his own child? No, Fanny—I may be *called* proud, inflexible; and I may be miserable; but I will never be base! You see Montague no more with my permission. This night I write to forbid all further correspondence."

The afflicted girl heard no more, but sunk at his feet in a state of insensibility. Now, then, the father's feelings burst forth: he hung over her, and bathed her pale face with tears of anguish: but, immoveable in his resolves, not even the deplorable situation of his darling child could cause his lips to utter a promise his heart forbade him to ratify. He carried her with his own arms to her chamber, and laying her on the bed, sent forth a fervent though silent petition for the restoration of her peace. For some time she continued dangerously ill. A low nervous fever settled upon her, which threatened to baffle the skill of the most eminent physicians the place afforded. When the weather permitted, she was obliged, for the benefit of her health, to walk in the air. On those occasions, her favourite ramble was to the hermitage in the wood, on the bank of the river, where she had first heard professions of love from the lips of her Augustus. There it was she seated herself, and re-perused the fragments of letters which she had snatched from destruction, when consigned to the flames by her rigid father. Absorbed in thought, she was alarmed by the sound of approaching feet: fearing the discovery of her hidden treasure, she started up, and would have fled, when her astonished eyes were arrested by the figure of Augustus kneeling before her. She screamed with an impulse of joy and terror, and, but for his supporting arms, must have fallen to the ground.

"My dearest love, be composed," cried he, pressing his lips to her cheek, which glowed with shame at the freedom—"restrain this emotion—think what would be the consequence, were I to be discovered here. I came to take leave of the only object dear to me in England."

She disengaged herself from his arms, and with eyes filled with tears, she could only say—"Are you then, Augustus, indeed, going?"

"Yes," replied he; "and perhaps we never meet again—unless——"

He paused, with apparent confusion.

"Oh, say," she cried, inadvertently, "what can be done to prevent it?"

"You will share my fortune," he returned, fixing his eyes on her with an expression of melancholy tenderness that pierced her to the heart. After a short struggle with her feelings, her sense of propriety guided her utterance, and, in a determined voice, she said—

"Then, farewell, Augustus—We must, indeed, part."

Again he snatched her to his bosom—"No—no—my Fanny—A chaise and four now waits to convey us far, far from hence—When you are my wife, who shall dare to part us? Say but the word, my love, and we fly to happiness!—hesitate, and you love me not."

Her excessive agitation almost choked her: at length she could just articulate—"Indeed, Augustus, I would sacrifice my own happiness to yours. But, oh, my father!!"

Her emotions so entirely overcame her, that she fainted in his arms. Determined to secure the lovely prize, he conveyed her to the carriage, which drove off with full speed, and, barely stopping to take necessary rest, reached Dover, where they embarked in a packet for Calais before the astonished Frances had time for recollection.

Language is inadequate to express the affliction of Mr. Bromley upon the discovery of his daughter's elopement.—All pursuit was fruitless after the fugitives, who, he learned from the villagers, had travelled with the utmost rapidity.—Henry was immediately recalled from College,

and had the horror to be deprived, almost in one hour, of two dear relatives; for Mr. Bromley, in the paroxysm of his grief, burst a blood-vessel, and expired in four and twenty hours after the arrival of his son, rashly heaping curses with his last breath on his devoted daughter.

Henry Bromley then took orders, and continued to perform the duties of his calling. His heart had never yielded to the impulse of the gentle passion, and a life of celibacy had now become his fixed determination. Three years elapsed without any intelligence of the lost Fanny; and although a tender regret ever accompanied her remembrance, the poignancy of grief which at first pervaded the susceptible mind of Henry gradually wore away, till all his feelings were awakened by the adventure of Paul Butley. What then passed has already been related, and Bromley was accordingly brought to the Rectory, where the care of his equipment was consigned to Mrs. Nettleby, Mr. Bromley's house-keeper, who, not happening to be a confidential servant, looked upon the young stranger with an eye of very little complacency; muttering to herself (as Mr. Bromley ordered her to take particular care of his nephew:)

"Nephew, indeed! Some folks, to be sure, thinks other folks are blind; but I have seen enough of the world to know what parsons are; and, mayhap, my master, with all his sanctity, may be no better than the rest: though, thank God, neither the sin nor shame is mine; and so long as he behaves decently and modestly to me, what need I care? Yet, to be sure, there is no knowing, in this wicked world, what people might suspect; for, as they say in the play, 'if an angel, in the shape of woman, should walk this world, yet defamation would——'."

Mrs. Nettleby was here interrupted in the middle of her soliloquy by the entrance of Mr. Bromley, who came, with a glow of expectation in his looks, to view the alteration the masculine habit had affected in his darling; nor can a more lovely figure be imagined, than our little hero, now just emerging from a state of infancy. His complexion was a clear brown; the expression of his well-formed features heightened by a pair of bright black eyes; his

teeth small, and of the most perfect regularity and whiteness; the fineness of his shape giving him an air of dignity uncommon for such a child; and the hardy manner in which he had been brought up giving a robustness to his limbs, and a glowing colour to his cheeks.

Mr. Bromley loaded him with caresses, and, leading him to his study, began to give him his first lessons; endeavouring to form his mind and manners to that perfection of which he himself was an example. He had the happiness to find his young pupil daily improve in morality, and politeness of deportment; and if Bromley Melmot had a fault, it was that of being too easily led by the advice or example of others,—a fault which chiefly originated in the implicit obedience he paid to the precepts of his uncle.

Mrs. Nettleby, though not naturally of a bad disposition, could not behold the growing partiality of Mr. Bromley for his *protégée* without a sensation nearly bordering upon envy. To account for this, it may be necessary to observe that she was at this time but eight-and-thirty (according to her own reckoning); and though she was marked with the small-pox, and had a trifling cast in the eye, besides the deficiency of a few teeth, yet she did not conceive herself to be a *very* disagreeable person.

Now, the Rector was a man of some property; a handsome, lively man, who had passed his thirtieth year without having formed any lasting attachment. Was it not, therefore, *possible* that her *prudence*, *sense*, and *economy*, might in time influence him to exalt her from her present situation, and permit her to bear the name of Bromley? All this was certainly *possible*; but the introduction of this Pet destroyed all glimmerings of its probability, and she gave herself up to the influence of the most acrimonious malevolence. What will not a disappointed woman attempt, if ignorant and unenlightened? Need it, then, be wondered that Mrs. Nettleby determined, by every method in her power, to get this formidable rival removed from the parsonage?

Her first step to effect this was, by mentioning, in her familiar visits in the neighbourhood, that Bromley was certainly nothing but an illegitimate son of her master's; that

the resemblance between them fully evinced it; and that his excessive fondness for the child even put it beyond a doubt. This being speedily circulated, the story, spread in the wind, was in a short time re-wafted to the ears of Mr. Bromley, who, speaking to Mrs. Nettleby one day on the subject, said, with a benignant smile—

“ Think not, my good Nettleby, that I am in the least moved at these idle reports: so long as I conduct myself with due decorum in fulfilling the duties of my sacred function, in which, thank Heaven, I have never been deficient; so long as I have never been known, by the oldest parishioner in this town, to commit a single act of irregularity, it is unjust of them to asperse me upon bare suspicion; and were I to sacrifice an innocent child in the attempt to preserve my own name unblemished, I should commit an act, for which I ought, indeed, to be censured by them, and for which my own conscience could never acquit me. Believe me, I prefer my own good opinion to that of any other individual.”

Mrs. Nettleby was almost silenced; but, still unwilling to drop a point which so much interested her, she said, with a careless air—

“ Well, well—all that may be very true. But let me tell you, that it is sometimes best to please other people, especially when it is a matter of no consequence; or, for instance, why could not Bromley be sent to school? It would save you a deal of trouble; and I’m sure,” added she with a significant shrug—“ it would save me a great deal of scandal.”

At that moment Bromley, who had been out at play, came running in, his cheeks wet with tears, and his hands discoloured with dirt. Mrs. Nettleby began to correct him for his appearance, but he rushed past her to Mr. Bromley, who rebuked him very severely.

“ Sir—sir!”—cried he, “ be not angry—the boys, in playing about the church-yard, kicked down a new-raised grave: an old woman was sitting by it: she comes there every morning, and cries over it; for there, she says, her Billy lies. Oh! ’twould have made your heart ache to see her when they had destroyed it. How the poor soul knelt,

and begged them not to spoil all the sod! But they only laughed at her; and Tom Wilson, in particular (I shall never like him again), called her a drunken old hag, and set the boys to hoot, and pelt her too!"

"Well, but—" said Mr. Bromley, "what makes you in such a condition?"

Melmot hung his head, and, blushing, said—

"Why, Sir, when I saw the poor old creature so main vexed, I tried with my hands to make the grave up again; but, somehow, I could not do it right; so I am come to beg you will let Gregory help me."

Mr. Bromley immediately consented, and sent him to find him; when, turning to Mrs. Nettleby, he said—

"What compensation could the world make me for the loss of that charming child? Do you think I would suffer his disposition to be spoiled by the pernicious examples of a public school? No—no!"

He then left her, and by his presence in the churchyard dispersed the mob of boys collected round the old woman, whom, with his own arm, he assisted to her cottage, Bromley with looks of heartfelt exultation, carrying her stick before them.

The life of Bromley passed on unmarked by any extraordinary events, till he attained the age of sixteen, when an accident happened, which though trivial in itself was yet productive of consequences which influenced the future actions of his life.

Returning late one evening from a visit which he frequently made to his humble protector Paul Butley, it being a charming moonlight evening he rambled to the other side of the wood that skirted the good man's cottage. Lost in thought, reflections on his hapless mother's fate crowded fast on his mind, he wandered on and soon arrived at the avenue which led to the gates of Lord Brancestown's summer residence. Finding he was much out of his way he turned to go through the copse, when, at a short distance, he perceived a female struggling with a man; and frequently a shriek of distress seemed to solicit his aid. Springing forward, he beheld a lovely girl, apparently about

fourteen, almost fainting with terror in the arms of a gentleman, whose rude hand had torn from her bosom the muslin that covered it, and was proceeding to farther indecencies when Bromley, with one blow, felled him down, and saved the almost lifeless female from sinking to the earth. The prostrate stranger uttered the most dreadful execrations, and recovering himself, aimed a blow at Melmot with the butt end of a whip that he carried in his hand. Thoughtless of the consequences, Bromley wrested it from him, and striking him several times pretty forcibly with it, left him in a state far from agreeable, while he pursued the girl, who, screaming with terror, ran towards the village. He overtook her just as (panting for want of breath) she sunk upon the step of a stile, and assured her he had severely corrected the villain who had insulted her.

"Oh!" cried she, with artless correctness, "I hope you have not hurt him much; for Lord Brancestown, who is his father, loves him better than any thing in the world, except his horses, and will do every thing in his power to revenge himself on you, for Lord Morton hates your very name."

"Hates my name!" re-echoed Melmot: "why, does he know me? Do you, then——"

"Oh, yes," cried she, interrupting him, "he knows all about you; for Mrs. Nettleby was once his maid, and she tells him every thing when she sees him. And, indeed," added she, with a gentle sigh, "every one in the village knows your story."

A glow of shame, for a few moments, passed across the cheeks of Bromley; but, recollecting himself, he resumed—"But why should he hate me?—I never injured him."

"No, sure!" she replied. "But," added she, with a careless air, "he hates all that are good and handsome, because he is neither himself."

She then rose to go, and Melmot insisted upon escorting her home.

"But how," said he, "came you to be out so late in the evening?"

In reply, she informed him—That she was the daughter of a widow, who lived in a small white house near the lawn, the neatness and beauty of which he had often admired; that

Mrs. Williams, her mother, being very ill, she had been to Saltash to fetch the Doctor who usually attended her, leaving one of their neighbour's daughters at home to take care of her sick parent, fearing lest the girl's excessive ignorance should, by mistaking the message, occasion a delay that might prove fatal; and, returning, was violently seized by Lord Morton, who had insulted her several times before in the most gross manner. She concluded her simple recital by assuring him of her gratitude, and that of her mother, who, she said, would be very glad to see him when she had recovered from her illness.

Bromley thanked her; then pressed her hand to his lips, and, not without reluctance, left her at the door of her residence, and retired to the parsonage. To his Uncle, who had been sometime wondering at his absence, he made an apology and related all that had passed, not omitting the part which concerned Mrs. Nettleby, who was present. Her eyes kindled with rage, and she replied, with a malicious sneer—"Yes!—you have done very prettily, to believe such an artful, lying hussy as that. But she shall repent making use of my name, I'll engage. The whole town shall know of her and her mother—an infamous—"

The epithet that hung on her tongue was restrained by Mr. Bromley, who, with a frown of Asperity which she did not presume to disregard, ordered her out of the room. Melmot exulted in his success, till he beheld the gloom that was portrayed in the countenance of his uncle; and going up to him with a dejected air, demanded whether he had acted wrong. Bromley was too much agitated to speak to him, but he pressed him to his bosom, and after awhile muttered—"No, my child; right—quite right;" and then left the room, to the no small astonishment of Melmot, who turned over in his mind the event of the evening; and in spite of the aspersion that Mrs. Nettleby would have cast upon the character of the girl he had so happily rescued, he persisted in thinking her amiable, and determined, unless forbade by his uncle, to visit her frequently.

Several days passed on without their having heard any thing more of the adventure, and Melmot ventured to express a wish to go and see the daughter of Mrs. Williams, Bromley instantly assented; and at the same time expressed

his intention to accompany him. The silence that reigned around the little mansion gave Melmot reasonable alarm, and they entered the unfastened door as quickly as possible. Had Maria Williams studied an attitude wherein she could display her person to advantage in the eyes of her visitors, she could not have found one more congenial to the feelings of Mr. Bromley than that in which they found her:—one arm was supporting a woman past the prime of life, and on whose countenance was depicted the ravages of malady and grief; while the other held a cup of medicine to her pallid lips, and her mild blue eyes, raised in silence to heaven, evinced the fervency with which she prayed for its efficacy.

Mr. Bromley apologized for an intrusion that evidently disturbed them; and Maria, leading her young protector to the bed-side, introduced him to her mother, who, in the warmest terms, thanked him for her child's preservation.—The face of Mrs. Williams still retained the traces of that beauty which the chill hand of disease had almost obliterated; and her language and manners evinced her having once lived in a state of elegance, with which the homeliness of her present situation but ill accorded. The animated smile that illumined her languid countenance denoted her gladness to see him; and Mr. Bromley, sitting down by her bed side, entered into conversation with her, while Melmot no less agreeably entertained Maria. Young and innocent as she was, she saw the partiality of his attention, and her bright sparkling eyes expressed, without the least restraint, her pleasure.

The happy party were interrupted by the entrance of the medical gentleman who attended Mrs. Williams, and Bromley withdrew, attended by Melmot, promising to renew his visit in a short time.

As they crossed the lawn, Melmot demanded, with an accent of trepidation and an eye of eagerness, his Uncle's opinion of Maria.

"She is a pretty little rustic," replied Bromley, affecting an air of carelessness.

"Is that all?" said Melmot, with a tone of chagrin. "I am sure her heart is tempered with the most exquisite sensibility; and of her filial piety we have had a convincing proof."

Mr. Bromley smiled. "You are a warm encomiast, Melmot! Beware that the sensibility of your own heart don't lead you to judge prematurely of others. Indeed, I have no reason to dislike Maria. Mrs. Williams seems a sensible, amiable woman; and I should suppose she would take care of her daughter's morals."

Melmot irresistably surveyed his uncle with an air of surprise and arch inquisitiveness, which for a few moments disconcerted him; but laughing off the unusual sensation, he said, gaily—

"I understand you, Melmot. You think I am interested in thinking more favourably of the mother than of the daughter; but you are mistaken; and you shall find, that if Maria be really worthy, I will be more her friend than you can imagine."

Re-animated by this assurance, Melmot felt his heart lightened of a recently acquired load, and tripped onward, divested of every care. They had by this time reached the parsonage, where, to the inexpressible surprise and confusion of Melmot, they learned that Lord Brancestown was waiting to see Mr. Bromley. His countenance expressed no symptoms of astonishment, but strong traits of vexation and fear were painted in every expressive feature. In a tremulous voice, he bade Melmot retire, and hastily entered the library, where his Lordship waited.

After about an hour's conversation Lord Brancestown departed; and Bromley, taking his nephew by the hand, who then fearfully entered, said—

"Melmot, my dear boy, we must quit this peaceful mansion. You probably know not that Lord Brancestown is my patron. My father was his tutor; and as soon as the Earl attained the age of discretion, was presented by him with this living; from him it was transferred to me. His revenge is now so great at your treatment of his son, which has been most basely misrepresented by the Viscount, that I have orders instantly to quit my office."

Melmot fell at the feet of his uncle, overpowered with regret. Bromley raised and embraced him. "Grieve not, my dear boy; we shall yet do well. My only uneasiness is upon your account. It was my wish to leave you a gen-

teel independence, and educate you as a gentleman. That hope is frustrated; but we must not despair. I have saved out of my annual income five hundred pounds, upon the interest of which we can for the present subsist very decently, and we have the consolatory reflection, that our misfortunes are not incurred by any act of unworthiness in ourselves."

Melmot was much affected. "Dearest, best of men!" he exclaimed in a burst of passion, "is it for me you generously grieve, who have been the cause of your ruin?"

Mr. Bromley smiled mournfully. "You are too impetuous Melmot: the word ruin is harsh, and wholly inapplicable. Do not, by execrating yourself for an act of humanity and justice, teach me to despise you."

Bromley Melmot fell on his neck, and wept like an infant. Again his uncle reproved him; and to divert him from the distress she experienced, proposed a walk to the innocent cause of all their misfortunes. Maria tenderly sympathised in the uneasiness of Melmot; and Bromley found in the sensible and refined conversation of Mrs. Williams a temporary alleviation of his mortification. To ease her mind of the anxiety under which it laboured, he made a solemn promise, that should any thing happen to her, he would take such care of her daughter as he would if she were his own; and delicately expressed a wish that she might one day be allied to him.

Melmot, who heard this sentence, felt an immediate sensation of agony; and quitting the hand of Maria, which he was pressing (with a thousand assurances of esteem) between both of his own, leaned, pale and agitated, against the wainscot. Mr. Bromley, observing his emotion, cast at him a reproachful glance, which he instantly comprehended, and exerted himself to recover his usual serenity. Before their departure, Mrs. Williams promised, on the next day, to acquaint them with her history; and they took their leave, mutually with the most favourable opinion of each other.

(To be continued in our next.)

To the Rising Generation of both Sexes.

THE PETITION OF A MUCH-ABUSED BUT VERY
INNOCENT PERSON,

Humbly sheweth,

THAT your unhappy petitioner, though much caressed and generally acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is, particularly by you, from giddiness, want of attention, or improper direction, either shamefully neglected or notoriously ill-used.

And though his competence to cultivate and improve your best faculties in the best manner, and for the best ends, be universally allowed and experienced, it is nevertheless astonishing to what pursuits of extreme insignificance his indulgence is but too often misapplied.

Many engage him for years together in rendering themselves perfectly useless to every purpose of life, in deranging their heads and inflating their hearts, corrupting their minds and distorting their bodies, reducing themselves from the scale of rational creatures to mere apes in a farce, or puppets on a wire.

Some make no other use of him than to get by rote a few articulate sounds, to mouth hard words, to gabble the jargon of fashion, to mimic the complaisance of etiquette, to imbibe the loose maxims of the world, speak what they do not think, promise what they never mean to perform, and look one way while they row another.

Your petitioner has to state with regret, that he is often used as a talisman, to make black white, night day, and good evil, the law a noose, politics a trick, religion a jest, trade a plot, and life a tragedy.

He complains, that by his means the art is acquired of turning justice into ridicule, by the sophistry and versatility of pettifoggers; of making real piety obsolete and unacceptable, by the affected grimaces of hypocritical pretenders or weak enthusiasts; and every physical pretension equivocal

and suspicious, by the broad qualified effrontery of quacks and mountebanks.

How often is he unable to do more for multitudes in the gayest circles, than aid them to shuffle and manage a pack of cards, to whisper away the characters of the innocent and unsuspecting, to sit mum, and stare at each other in dumb-show like pictures in a gallery, or gossip nonsense by the hour, and call it polite conversation?

It grieves your petitioner, that he should, on so many occasions, be made accessory to the seduction of innocence, to public delinquency, professional neglect, prostituted genius, property dissipated, talents unimproved, and opportunity lost.

He knows of what importance he might be rendered in accomplishing youth, and endowing them with all proper qualifications, to benefit others and better themselves, to do their duty to their country and society, raise their own fortunes, augment the funds of human comfort, and extend their personal reputation.

And he would earnestly impress you with the absolute necessity of acting very differently towards him from numbers who have gone before you, who, taking advantage of his good-nature, have made themselves a nuisance rather than a blessing to society, and who, therefore, are incapable of giving you advice except by contrast.

You may not be aware, but it becomes him to intimate, that he is not unfrequently made the tool of his own destruction, and that in his very bosom are cherished the artifices calculated to kill him; that those who have most use for him use him worst; and that he is never treated so ill as by such as have the greatest interest in treating him well.

He assures you no one can prepare you better for acting your respective parts honourably on the stage of life; that you never blunder but in consequence of rejecting his counsel: and never succeed, either to your own satisfaction or that of others, but in a conformity to his dictates, and the practice of his sage precepts.

He is sorry it is not more perfectly understood, how inseparable your interest is from his, how much more pre-

cious he now is than ever he will be again, how eagerly you are instigated by every thing around you, the past, the present, and the future, to husband assiduously his kind indulgence, and on no account to trifle with him, while so much in the humour of blessing you, and rendering you blessed; and how very happy they are who continue on friendly terms with him from the beginning to the end of their days, and can in every stage take a retrospect on their intercourse without a blush.

He will only further add, that these overtures cannot last for ever; that his patience, like the faculties of every mortal creature, has its limits; that once gone, he cannot be recalled; and that slighted, perverted, or flung away, he will only furnish you with a source of endless and unavailing repentance.

Your petitioner, therefore, most earnestly prays, that for your own comfort, and the prosperity of succeeding generations, you would maturely weigh those considerations, and devise some means of providing for the safety, honour, and repose of an old well-meaning individual, nearly worn out in the service of mankind, verging on his dissolution, and uncertain how soon he may be superseded by one, who will never forget the injuries done his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness, and rejoice in whatever promotes and confirms it to the end of TIME.



INTERESTING ANECDOTE.



THE *Decade Philosophique*, a French periodical work, contains the following interesting anecdote of a young man and woman, of Franconville, who were born blind.—Their parents had given them frequent opportunities of being together, that they might mutually alleviate the melancholy situation of each other. Their friendly consolations soon changed into love, and the day of their nuptials was fixed.—A stranger happening to see them, was so warmly affected for their situation, that he carried them to Paris, and consulted an oculist on their case. The latter pronounced, that

one of them might be cured. When this was announced to them, it was carefully concealed which of the two were capable of receiving this great benefit. A keen dispute then arose between them on the probable effects of the proposed operation upon the sentiments of the person who should recover the use of sight, and upon their reciprocal protestations of mutual attachment. It was the female on whom the operation was performed, and it perfectly succeeded. Although her parents wished to procure her another husband, faithful to her promise, she gave her hand to her old companion in misfortune, for whom she preserved her former tenderness.— Her delicate attachment led her to conceal from her husband the pleasures she derived from sight, in which he could not share, as she imparted to him only what was calculated to be useful, without exciting regret at the advantages of which he was deprived.



THE GENEROUS SULTANA.

AN ARABIAN TALE.



ABDALAZIZ, Calif of Bagdad, was succeeded by his brother, the worthless and abandoned Yezid. At his accession to the throne, being asked by his wife (one of the most accomplished women of her time,) Whether any thing on earth was wanting to complete his happiness? He answered,—“ I want my Habiba.” Though she well knew that this was the singing-girl that had plunged him into so much extravagance and folly, and who had been sold by his brother, the preceding Calif, she determined to sacrifice her own happiness to complete that of her husband. She made every possible enquiry for the favourite slave, and was, in a short time, successful enough to hear she might be bought in Egypt for four thousand pieces of gold. A slave merchant was instantly dispatched; and, the bargain being made, Habiba was privately conducted to the palace, and by order of the Saada visited the baths, and took every necessary refreshment after so long and fatiguing a journey.

Nothing now remained, but a seasonable opportunity to present her, which offered in a short time after.

Saada, finding Yezid in an uncommon good humour, ventured a second time to ask, If any thing was wanting to complete his happiness? To which he angrily answered—"Nothing but the long lost Habiba can render existence supportable!"

The Sultana made no reply, but, drawing aside the tapestry, discovered the object of his desire. Yezid, sensibly affected by the unprecedented generosity of his consort, forgot his passion for Habiba; and, during the remainder of his life, literally fulfilled the Arabian proverb—"The reward of the beneficent, is beneficence!"

THE TWO BEES.

ON a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide mouthed phial that hung beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive, but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy.

Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

EPITAPH ON A BIRD.

Here lieth,
 aged three months and four days,
 the body of
 RICHARD ACANTHUS,
 a young person of unblemished character.
 He was taken, in his callow infancy, from the wing
 of a tender parent,
 By the rough and pitiless hand of a two-legged animal
 without feathers.
 Though born with the most aspiring disposition & unbounded
 love of freedom,
 he was closely confined in a grated prison,
 and scarcely permitted to view those fields,
 to the possession of which he had an undoubted charter.
 Deeply sensible of this infringement of
 his natural and unalienable rights,
 he was often heard to petition for redress,
 not with rude and violent clamours,
 but in the most plaintive notes of harmonious sorrow!
 At length tired with fruitless efforts to escape,
 his indignant soul
 burst the prison which his body could not,
 and left a lifeless heap of beauteous feathers.
 Reader!
 if suffering innocence can hope for retribution,
 deny not to the gentle shade of this
 unfortunate captive,
 the humble, though uncertain, hope of animating
 some happier form;
 or, trying his new-fledged pinions
 in some happy elysium, beyond the reach of
 MAN,
 the tyrant of this lower world!

Thoughts on the pleasures of domestic life.

OF all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, even when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife : let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful, all avails nothing if she is unfaithful to her trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained ; but if she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation ; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm ; fly over land ; sail upon the seas ; meet difficulty, and encounter danger,——if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of Home ! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain ! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life ; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for *happy hours*, while for his *months of darkness and distress* no sympathizing partner is prepared !

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood ; yet there is an ear open to the married man's complaints ; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows ; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion ; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his : and as enjoyment derives additional relish from participation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb, in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bouquier. It has been a favorite narrative with many old romance writers, and though the tale itself cannot boast a *moral tendency*, yet the feelings are so completely interested throughout the relation of it, that it has obtained admission into several modern poems; and it is imagined that a genuine relation of the extraordinary circumstance, unembellished by the licence of poetry or the powers of fiction, may not be unacceptable to the generality of readers.

"The Lord De Concy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the handsomest and most accomplished men of the age in which he lived; and if any palliation can be offered for the crime of inconstancy, the Lady of Lord Du Fayel might plead it as an excuse. Wedded to a man, whose inhumanity of disposition and depravity of heart precluded the possibility either of esteem or tenderness, she could not help acknowledging the superiority of her lover, and heard of his intention to accompany the King and the Count De Champagne to the wars in the Holy Land with unsubdued regret and fearful apprehension.

"The hour of departure at length arrived. The Lady, in taking leave of her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and a string that she had woven of his own hair intermixed with silk, and buttons of large pearls to cover his helmet, which was the fashionable dress for warriors at that period.

"When the gallant hero arrived at Palestine, his heart beat high with the love of fame, and, anxious to signalize himself at the siege of Acre, he was the first who undauntedly resolved to ascend the ramparts; yet for this proof of temerity he lost his life.

De Concy's wound was instantly pronounced mortal, and the few moments between life and eternity were employed by the ardent lover in reconciling the object of his tenderness to the severity of his fate, and conjuring his Esquire

to embalm his heart, convey it to his mistress, and present her at the same time with the last sentiments of an expiring man, who cherished her image amidst the pangs of death.

"The attached domestic, faithful to the trust reposed in him by his Lord, prepared to fulfil his dying request; and, as soon as the heart was properly embalmed, returned to France with the melancholy relic, and concealed himself in a neighbouring wood, nearly contiguous to Du Fayel's domain, with an intent of watching a favorable moment for delivering up his precious prize.

"The jealous husband, suspicious of all objects near his dwelling, unfortunately encountered the faithful Esquire, and perceiving, by the embarrassed manner in which he answered his enquiries, some extraordinary circumstance had occasioned his arrival, threatened immediately to destroy his existence, unless he made a full disclosure of it. Terrified at the prospect of being deprived of life, and having no arms to defend himself against his adversary, he frankly disclosed the nature of his embassy, and delivered the heart and letter into his hands.

"Elated with pleasure, and inspired with rage, the inhuman Du Fayel ordered the cook into his presence, commanded him to mince to atoms the devoted heart, and dress it with gravy to his Lady's palate.

"Unsuspicious of the inhumanity of the design, and peculiarly pleased with the cook's excellence in his art, Lady Du Fayel completely dined upon the dish which her sanguinary husband carefully recommended.

"As soon as the repast was ended, Du Fayel enquired if the ragout was to her taste, and upon being answered that it was—"excellent!" he replied—"I knew you would like it, and therefore had it dressed; for know, Madam," continued the inhuman monster, "that you have devoured the heart of the Lord De Concy!"

"Incapable of believing so striking an instance of depravity, she at first refused to give it any credit, but the sight of the letter, the diamonds, and the hair, too soon convinced her of the fatal truth.

"Shuddering with horror at the cruel recital, and urged by an impulse of detestation and despair, she thus repli-

ed——' It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited my regard, for never could I find one like it; and since I have eaten of so noble a meal, and my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it!"

"Grief and indignation then choaked her utterance. She retired to her chamber, closed the door within side, refused to admit either food or consolation, and expired on the fourth day after her entrance."



The Female Sex Described by St. Pierre.



HOW little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature who in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense. They are only culling the flowers of life without once tasting its fruits. The FAIR SEX, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea, but besides this it is the creative sex which gives birth to man, and the cherishing sex, which suckles and cherishes him in infancy. It is the pious sex which conducts him to the altar while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion.

It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathizing sex which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them.



The Method of Reading for Female Improvement.



MADAM,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure-hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and

the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY, MORALITY, POETRY.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read history, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners

and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, at it were, a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our minds. Now in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off the ear with an easy cadence, and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

I am Madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

I. SCHOMBERG.

HEALTH, an ALLEGORY:

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

BY DR. COTTON.



MADAM,

I Received your obliging favour; and wish the goddess, whom you mention with rapture, may be your constant friend and companion. Methinks I am not at all surprised, that Pagans and Poets have deified Health.

I think too they have judged mighty well in representing this imaginary deity as a female, to express thereby the superior charms of this divinity. Had I a talent for fable, I would sketch out for you an allegory upon this subject. I should probably begin my story after the following manner, or something like it.

Health is reported to be the daughter of Temperance, and born in the golden age. Some are of opinion that she was descended, on the male side, from Exercise. But by the best lights I could ever obtain in a matter of such antiquity and obscurity, I am inclined to think that this account of her genealogy is spurious. For Temperance was not so properly her mother, as nurse or guardian, one who had the tuition of her infancy, and was afterwards advanced to a most important post, as shall hereafter be mentioned.

Whatever darkness, however, may attend her parental descent, yet all the annals agree in the following: that her birth was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, for the Graces visited her in person, and each would have adopted her for their own. This beautiful young virgin, though highly accomplished, was never fond of public appearances; which you must own, Madam, would be strange self-denial in the pretty goddesses of our days. Her principal delight was in the fields and woods, where Flora drest her with the rose and the lily; and Diana frequently made her a companion in her sports. A nymph thus possessed of more than human accomplishments, was justly entitled to a throne; nor was it long before she was invested with the sceptre by the concurring voices and acclamations of the people. Her reign was long and prosperous, and her sub-

jects were happy. Nor, indeed, could less be expected from a queen, that founded her government upon the unerring laws of nature, which were as obligatory upon herself as upon her people; nor could the royal authority itself dispense, at any time whatever, with a breach of those primary statutes.

Her first minister was Virtue, who had an unbounded ascendance over her mistress. Besides this premier favourite, there was another, who was almost a constant associate of the queen. The name of this pretty sylvan was Cheerfulness. She was generally apparelled in green, of a mild and composed aspect, liable to have her features sometimes brightened by a smile. Many other virgins joined the train of this princess. There was Innocence, drest in white, with a curious blush of crimson on her cheeks; she was handed along by Prudence, who wore a good deal of solicitude in her countenance, and seemed to step with great caution. She was indeed, an armed satellite; and had more of severity than sweetness in her brow. But there was a most beautiful form, that justly challenged a particular description; a lady, who so closely adhered to the white-robed fair, that it is said, they were never seen apart. This virgin's name was Peace. She had a most lovely serenity in her visage, and a softness not to be delineated by a human pen. The assistance of the imagination must here be called in, and the portrait wear an angel's face. Though she was highly admired by the gazing crowd, yet she seemed to borrow none of her happiness from the applauses and adoration of the multitude. It is further given out, that, fond as this lady was of the court of Health, she rarely makes her appearance in the courts and palaces of other monarchs; and the reason assigned is her inseparable attachment to the female above-mentioned, who was arrayed in a garment of spotless white.

In process of time, there arose a powerful enemy to the queen—Luxury, an absolute monarch, who proclaimed war against Health. The armies of the former were principally Asiatics, and more numerous than those of Xerxes, which drank up whole rivers as they marched, or than those of the Macedonian madman, who conquered all but himself. Yet, notwithstanding the number of the tyrant's forces, Health had never been subdued, if her subjects had not listened to overtures of peace from the enemy; which, as

you shall hear by and by, paved the way for the dissolution of the queen's happy government.

Excess led the armies of Luxury into the field, and commanded the van; Sickness and Pain were posted in the centre; Poverty and Pride had the command of the wings; and Repentance and Death brought up the rear.

Health headed her own troops, and was supported by her two illustrious amazons, Resolution and Prudence. The latter drew up the forces with such matchless skill, that their corps were impenetrable by the enemy. Their helmets and coats of mail were tempered with so much art, that they were proof to the enemy's shot. Nor was the queen's army to be surprised at any time by a sudden invasion. For Prudence had erected up and down several watch towers, whence the motions of the adverse party were easily descried.

The dispute was long and doubtful; till at last, the enemy finding no success likely to ensue from open measures of hostility, had recourse to stratagem. For, sending Pleasure as an ambassadress, to mediate between the two contending powers, this artful syren so insinuated herself into the favour of the queen's subjects, and sowed such discontent in their breast, that, being gradually won upon by her blandishments and corruptions, they at first began to murmur against the severity of the queen's discipline, and, by degrees relaxing of their allegiance, they at last revolted openly to the enemy.

Health being thus overpowered by her adversary, or rather deserted basely through the treachery of her own subjects, withdrew from earth to heaven, and was speedily enrolled among the divinities; whence she still continues to impart her benefits to those distinguished few, who wisely regulate their lives by her golden precepts, and hold no correspondence with Luxury, or her partisans.

And now, Madam, as I am a profest priest of the Goddess, you may depend upon my best interest with her, to shower down upon you a double portion of her favors.

For I am, Madam,

Your obedient humble Servant.

Song.
SHE LIVES IN THE VALLEY BELOW.

*The Broom bloom'd so fresh and so fair,
 The Lambkins were sporting around,
 When I wander'd to breathe the fresh air,
 And by chance a rich treasure I found;
 A Lass sat beneath a green shade,
 For whose smiles the whole World I'd forego;
 As blooming as may was the Maid,
 And she lives in the Valley below.*

*Her Song struck my ear with surprise,
 Her Voice like the Nightingale sweet,
 But Love took his seat in her Eyes
 Where Beauty and Innocence meet.
 From that moment my heart was her own,
 For her ev'ry wish I'd forego,
 She's beauteous as Roses just blown,
 And she lives in the Valley below.*

*My Cottage with woodbine o'ergrown,
 The sweet Turtle Dove cooing round,
 My Flocks and my Herds are my own,
 My Pastures with Hawthorn are bound.
 All my Riches I'll lay at her feet,
 If her heart in return she'll bestow,
 For no pastime can cheer my retreat,
 While she lives in the Valley below.*

POETRY.



THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Continued from page 117.)

—♦—

Summer.

THE FARMER's life displays in every part
 A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
 Though in the lap of Plenty, thoughtful still;
 He looks beyond the present good or ill;
 Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
 From changeeful seasons, or capricious earth
 But views the future with the present hours,
 And looks for failures as he looks for show'rs;
 For casual as for certain want prepares,
 And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;

Y

Or clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wint'ry night.
What tho' abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food;
That promise fails, when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this, his plough turns up the destin'd lands,
Whence stormy Winter draws its full demands;
For this, the seed minutely small he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows;
But how unlike to APRIL's closing days!
High climbs the Sun, and darts his pow'ful rays,
Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces through
The cumb'rous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure hence with joyful eyes
The Farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise;
Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
"Right welcome down, ye precious drops," he cries;
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
"Boy, bring thy barrows, try how deep the rain
Has forc'd its way." He comes, but comes in vain;
Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks
And mocks his pains the more, the more he works:
Still midst huge clods he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the shower to scorn.
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool,
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light, constant rain, evinces secret pow'r,
And ere the day resume its wonted smiles,
Presents a cheerful easy task for Giles.

Down with a touch the mellow'd soil is laid,
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well pleas'd he hies, assur'd to find
Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding WHEAT-EAR forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun bath ting'd its head with brown;
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here *Wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires;
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,

And all prolific *Summer's* sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'r sustain:
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh.
When musing waking speaks the *sky-lark* nigh!
Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on *Giles* to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for awhile, yet pours her varied song:
He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light:
The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became,
Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream;
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than *Giles*, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.
Its dark-green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,
And rip'ening harvest rustles in the gale.
A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where Heaven's munificence makes all the show,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round;

When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the Land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide :
What is there here to flatter human pride ?
The tow'ring fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And stedfast columns, may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet trac'd but to the *architect* the praise ;
Whilst here, the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God ;
And twofold joys possess his raptur'd mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.

Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
NATURE herself invites the REAPERS forth ;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plummy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows !
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.

Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along :
Each sturdy Mower emulous and strong ;
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries ;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come, HEALTH! come, Jollity! light-footed, come ;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own ;
Each moisten'd brow, that scorns to wear a frown :
Th' unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd ;
E'en the domestic laughing dairy maid
Hies to the FIELD, the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the FARMER quits his elbow-chair,

His cool brick-floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word,
To turn the swarth, the quiv'ring load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake, the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumb'rous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down;
Where oft the mastiff sculks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Whilst unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

For, lo! encircled there, the lovely MAID,
In youth's own bloom and native smiles array'd;
Her hat awry, divested of her gown,
Her creaking stays of leather, stout and brown;...
Invidious barrier! why art thou so high,
When the slight covering of her neck slips by,
There half revealing to the eager sight
Her full, ripe bosom, exquisitely white?
In many a local tale of harmless mirth,
And many a jest of momentary birth,
She bears a part, and as she stops to speak,
Strokes back the ringlets from her glowing cheek,

Now noon gone by, and four declining hours,
The weary limbs relax their boasted pow'rs;
Thirst rages strong, the fainting spirits fail,
And ask the sov'reign cordial, home-brew'd ale;
Beneath some sheit'ring heap of yellow corn
Rests the hoop'd keg, and friendly cooling horn,
That mocks alike the goblet's brittle frame,
Its costlier potions, and its nobler name.
To *Mary* first the brimming draught is given
By toil made welcome as the dews of heaven,

And never lip that press'd its homely e'ge
Had kinder blessings or a heartier pledge.

Of wholesome viands here a banquet smiles,
A common cheer for all;...e'en humble *Giles*,
Who joys his trivial services to yield
Amidst the fragrance of the open field;
Oft doom'd in suffocating heat to bear
The cobweb'd barn's impure and dusty air;
To ride in murky state the panting steed,
Destin'd aloft th' unloaded grain to tread,
Where, in his path as heaps on heaps are thrown,
He rears, and plunges the loose mountain down;
Laborious task! with what delight when done
Both horse and rider greet th' unclouded sun!

Yet by th' unclouded sun are hourly bred
The bold assailants that surround thine head,
Poor patient *Ball!* and with insulting wing
Roar in thine ears, and dart the piercing sting:
In thy behalf the crest-wav'd boughs avail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever fame he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore,
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.
Nor thine alone the suffering, thine the care,
The fretful *Ewe* bemoans an equal share;
Tormented into sores, her head she hides,
Or angry brushes from her new-shorn sides.
Pen'd in the yard; e'en now at closing day
Unruly *Cows* with mark'd impatience stay,
And vainly striving to escape their foes,
The pail kick down; a piteous current flows.

Is't not enough that plagues like these molest?
Must still another foe annoy their rest?

He comes, the pest and terror of the yard,
His full-fledg'd progeny's imperious guard;
The GANDER;...spiteful, insolent, and bold,
At the colt's footlock takes his daring hold;
There, serpent-like, escapes a dreadful blow;
And straight attacks a poor defenceless cow:
Each booby goose th' unworthy strife enjoys,
And hails his prowess with redoubled noise.
Then back he stalks, of self importance full,
Seizes the shaggy foretop of the bull,
Till whirl'd aloft he falls; a timely check,
Enough to dislocate his worthless neck:
For lo! of old, he boasts an honour'd wound;
Behold that broken wing that trails the ground!
Thus fools and bravoes kindred pranks pursue;
As savage quite, and oft as fatal too.
Happy the man that foils an envious elf,
Using the darts of spleen to serve himself.
As when by turns the strolling *Swine* engage
The utmost efforts of the bully's rage,
Whose nibbling warfare on the grunter's side
Is welcome pleasure to his bristly hide;
Gently he stoops, or stretcht at ease along,
Enjoys the insults of the gabbling throng,
That march exulting round his fallen head,
As human victors trample on their dead.

Still TWILIGHT, welcome! Rest, how sweet art thou
Now eve o'erhangs the western cloud's thick brow:
The far-stretch'd curtain of retiring light,
With fiery treasures fraught; that on the sight
Flash from its bulging sides, where darkness lours,
In Fancy's eye, a chain of mould'ring tow'rs;
Or craggy coasts just rising into view,
Midst jav'lins dire, and darts of streaming blue.

Anon tir'd labourers bless their shelt'ring home,
When MIDNIGHT, and the frightful TEMPEST come.

The Farmer wakes, and sees with silent dread
The angry shafts of Heaven gleam round his bed;
The bursting cloud reiterated roars,
Shakes his straw roof, and jars his bolted doors:
The slow-wing'd storm along the troubled skies
Spreads its dark course; the wind begins to rise;
And full-leaf'd elms, his dwelling's shade by day
With mimic thunder give its fury way:
Sounds in his chimney top a doleful peal,
Midst pouring rain, or gusts of rattling hail;
With tenfold danger low the tempest bends,
And quick and strong the sulph'urous flame descends
The fright'ned mastiff from his kennel flies,
And cringes at the door with piteous cries....

Where now's the trifler? where the child of pride?
These are the moments when the heart is try'd!
Nor lives the man with conscience e'er so clear,
But feels a solemn, reverential fear;
Feels too a joy relieve his aching breast,
When the spent storm hath howl'd itself to rest.
Still, welcome beats the long continued show'r,
And sleep protracted, comes with double pow'r;
Calm dreams of bliss bring on the morning sun,
For every barn is fill'd, and HARVEST done!

Now, ere sweet SUMMER bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew,
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustom'd feast of HARVEST-HOME.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please while rage and death destroy:
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy if rightly understood,
Like cheerful praise for universal good?
The soul nor check nor doubtful anguish knows,
But free and pure the grateful current flows.

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestride the kitchen floor! the careful dame
And gen'rous host invite their friends around,
While all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are guests by right of custom:...old and young;
And many a neighbouring yeoman join the throng,
With artizans that lent their dext'rous aid,
When o'er each field the flaming sun-beams play'd.---

Yet Plenty reigns, and from her boundless hoard,
Though not one jelly trembles on the board,
Supplies the feast with all that sense can crave;
With all that made our great forefathers brave,
Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours try'd,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside.
With thanks to Heaven, and tales of rustic lore,
The mansion echoes when the banquet's o'er;
A wider circle spreads, and smiles abound,
As quick the frothing horn performs its round;
Care's mortal foe; that sprightly joys imparts
To cheer the frame and elevate their hearts,
Here, fresh and brown, the hazel's produce lies
In tempting heaps, and peals of laughter rise,
And crackling Music, with the frequent Song,
Unheeded bear the midnight hour along.

Here once a year Distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And, warm'd with gratitude, he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands and ale-enliven'd face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Such were the days,...of days long past I sing,
When Pride gave place to mirth without a sting;

Ere tyrant customs strength sufficient bore
 To violate the feelings of the poor;
 To leave them distanc'd in the mad'ning race,
 Where'er Refinement shews its hated face:
 Nor causeless hated;... 'tis the peasant's curse,
 That hourly makes his wretched station worse;
 Destroys life's intercourse; the social plan
 That rank to rank cements, as man to man:
 Wealth flows around him, fashion lordly reigns;
 Yet poverty is his, and mental pains.

Methinks I hear the mourner thus impart
 The stifled murmurs of his wounded heart:
 ' Whence comes this change, ungracious, irksome, cold?
 ' Whence the new grandeur that mine eyes behold?
 ' The wid'ning distance which I daily see,
 ' Has Wealth done this?... then wealth's a foe to me;
 ' Foe to our rights; that leaves a pow'rful few
 ' The paths of emulation to pursue;...
 ' For emulation stoops to us no more:
 ' The hope of humble industry is o'er;
 ' The blameless hope, the cheering sweet presage
 ' Of future comforts for declining age.
 ' Can my sons share from this paternal hand
 ' The profits with the labours of the land?
 ' No; tho' indulgent Heaven its blessing deigns,
 ' Where's the small farm to suit my scanty means?
 ' Content, the Poet sings, with us resides;
 ' In lonely cots like mine the damsel hides;
 ' And will he then in raptur'd visions tell
 ' That sweet content with Want can ever dwell?
 ' A barley loaf, 'tis true, my table crowns,
 ' That fast diminishing in lusty rounds,
 ' Stops Nature's cravings; yet her sighs will flow
 ' From knowing this,... that once it was not so.
 ' Our annual feast, when Earth her plenty yields,
 ' When crown'd with boughs the last load quits the fields,

' The aspect still of ancient joy puts on ;
' The aspect only, with the substance gone ;
' The self-same Horn is still at our command,
' But serves none now but the plebeian hand :
' For *home-brew'd Ale*, neglected and debas'd,
' Is quite discarded from the realms of taste.
' Where unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul,
' The *separate* table and the costly bowl,
' Cool as the blast that checks the budding Spring,
' A mockery of gladness round them fling.
' For oft the Farmer 'ere his heart approves,
' Yields up the custom which he dearly loves:
' Refinement forces on him like a tide ;
' Bold innovations down its current ride,
' That bear no peace beneath their shewy dress,
' Nor add one tittle to his happiness.
' His guests selected ; rank's punctilios known ;
' What trouble waits upon a casual frown !
Restraint's foul manacles his pleasures maim ;
' Selected guests selected phrases claim ;
' Nor reigns that joy when hand in hand they join
' That good old Master felt in shaking mine.
' HEAVEN bless his memory ! bless his honour'd name ;
' (The poor will speak his lasting worthy fame :)
' To souls fair-purpos'd strength and guidance give ;
' In pity to us still let goodness live :
' Let labour have its due ! my cot shall be
' From chilling want and guilty murmurs free :
' Let labour have its due ; then peace is mine,
' And never, never shall my heart repine.'



CONTENT.

I pity the man that can travel from Dan to Bersheba, and cry—'Tis all barren! And so it is; and so is all the world, to him who will not cultivate the fruit it offers. — STERNE.



AWAY with complaints of distress,
Induc'd by false notions of life,
And reflect ('twill make troubles seem less)
Th' endearment of quiet is strife ?
As the storms of the ocean, which still, with alarm,
Give a zest to the pleasures enjoy'd in a calm.

What is it gives Nature its grace—
Why is Hope the sweet source of delight—
Whence the charms of a beautiful face—
Or of Phœbus dispelling the night ?
By contrast alone are their beauties display'd,
Their colouring heighten'd or soften'd by shade.

So the slave when disburden'd of toil—
The culprit who a meets reprieve—
The lover first blest with a smile—
And the sceptic when taught to believe—
Feel the change in their prospects hath pow'r to bless
In proportion, exact, to their depth of distress.

If griefs, then, your journey pursue;
If flocks, herbs, and fields be laid waste;
Recollect, bitter aloes and rue
Make honey more sweet to the taste :
And around you when darkness and tempests appear,
Think of winter, which ushers the spring of the year.



THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

NOW, Joan, we are married—and now let me say,
Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I suppose,
We shall oft meet a Bramble—and sometimes a Rose!

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it—the labour and triumph be mine.

Thou shalt milk our one cow, and if Fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan shall milk two:
I will till our small field, while my prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright plough-share along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For, Joan, who could wish for self only to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to give!

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
While thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain:
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love!

Tho' thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember;
That thy May was my own, when thou shewest December;
And when Age to my head shall his winter impart,
The summer of love shall repose in my heart!



Foreign News.

Madrid, Jan. 10.—"An ambassador is on the point of departing from Madrid for Lisbon, with a proposal on the part of France and Spain that Portugal shall immediately form an intimate alliance with these powers, or declare her determination not to abandon her connection with Great-Britain. Should she accede to the former proposition she will be required to shut her ports against the British shipping, and declare war against England."

The Northern confederacy was ratified by the King of Sweden and Denmark on the 16th Jan. and active preparations are making for carrying on the war.

Paris, Jan. 18.—An armistice has been concluded in Italy, between the French army commanded by Gen. Brune, and the Austrian army commanded by M. D. Bellegrade. The Austrians agree in it to surrender Peschiera, Ferrara, Ancona, Verona, Legano, and Sermiona, to the French. Mantua was to be blockaded. But a separate convention, signed at Luneville on the 26th of January, gives it up to the French.—It is probable that this convention relates to other objects than the mere surrender of Mantua; but the Official Paper communicates nothing further respecting it than that, by two articles, that fortress is to be delivered up to the French.

The armistice was to last till the 25th of January, which was also the limitation of the German armistice. A fortnight's notice however, was to be given of the renewal of hostilities.

Feb. 5.—The Dictator, of Liverpool, a fine new ship, on her first voyage, mounting 24 brass guns, from Demarara to Liverpool, was totally wrecked at Rossbeg, near Castleman, county of Kerry; out of the crew, consisting of 60 persons, only three sailors were saved. The extensive shores of that wild country were covered with cotton, coffee, dye-stuff, puncheons of rum and chests of the most valuable papers; the chests were broken open, rifled and destroyed by the people. Unfortunately, as no magistrate lives in the neighbourhood of that part of the country, every

thing was at the mercy of the people for three days. On the 4th day, Mr. Marshall the late high sheriff of the county of Kerry, who lives forty miles from that place, arrived at the shore, and at the risk of his life, which was then threatened, succeeded in recovering a quantity of valuable property, together with many important letters addressed to the first commercial houses in Europe, which he immediately forwarded; he also recovered nearly twenty thousand pounds in London Bank notes and bills; he took from one of the countrymen alone, who could not read, more than 12,000l. in bills which it appears belonged to a Mr. J. Frazer, a respectable merchant of Berbies, who was passenger, and one of the unfortunate sufferers. In consequence of a large reward offered by Mr. Marshall, Mr. Frazer's body was found, many miles from the wreck, by some country people which was identified by the three surviving sailors, and was decently interred in the Church of Inch.

London, Feb. 9.—Dissensions have arisen in the British Cabinet on the subject of Catholic emancipation, and Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, Lord Grenville, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Windham, have actually resigned.

American Intelligence.

Washington, March 4th.—This day, at twelve o'clock, THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of the United States, took the oath of office required by the Constitution, in the Senate Chamber, in the presence of the Senate, the Members of the House of Representatives, the Public Officers, and a large concourse of Citizens.

Previous to which he delivered the following
ADDRESS.

Friends and fellow Citizens,

Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favour with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I

approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments, which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies above the reach of mortal eye: when I contemplate these transcendent objects and see the honour, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly indeed should I despair, did not the presence of many, whom I here see, remind me, that in the other high authorities provided by our constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of the legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

During the contest of opinion through which we have past, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think: but this being now decided by the voice of the nation announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will of course arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter

and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceable shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all **REPUBLICANS**; We are all **FEDERALISTS**. If there be any who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know indeed that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one, where every man at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern—Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others. Or have we found angels in the form of kings to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high minded to endure the degradations of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, profess-


ed indeed and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an over-ruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wise and frugal government; which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political;—peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none:—the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies:—the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad;—a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided: absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism:—a well disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them:—the supremacy of the civil over the military authority:—economy in the public expence, that labor may be lightly burthened:—the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith:—encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid: the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the

public reason:—freedom of religion; freedom of the press; and freedom of person, under the protection of the Habeas Corpus;—and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation, which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith; the text of civic instruction: the touch-stone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety.

I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this the greatest of all, I have learnt to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this station with the reputation, and the favour, which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that confidence which you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose pre-eminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history. I ask so much confidence only, as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage, is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be, to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others, by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying then on the patronage of your good will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that infinite power, which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.



Extract of a letter from Captain Morris, of the United States frigate New-York, to his friend in New-York, dated Bassaterre roads, March 2d, 1801.

"A very melancholy circumstance took place the day before yesterday, which has given me great unhappiness. Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON and Mr. WILLIAMSON, both midshipmen of the New-York, had a dispute which they carefully concealed from me: and, in my absence, obtained liberty to go ashore, with the determination of deciding the quarrel with pistols. They both fired together; poor Livingston was shot in the head, and expired in two hours afterwards. He was an open, brave, and generous man; and bade fair to make a valuable officer."

Hanover, N. H. March 7.—Last Sunday, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a heavy shock of an Earthquake was felt in this town—We hear that many other towns in this State and in Vermont, experienced the same shock.—In some places it shook so much as to throw open doors and even shatter the glass in windows. This is the second earthquake we have realized within the space of 3 months.

Bridgeport, (Con.) March 11.—The following melancholy accident happened in Stratford on Friday last: A son of Mr. David Curtis, of that town, had been out shooting ducks, and returned with one which he had killed. His mother came into the room to see the duck, while the lad went into another room to put up his fowling piece—As he went through the door with the loaded piece, the trigger caught the door post, and its contents were discharged into the breast of the unfortunate mother, who expired immediately. It is remarkable that with this same piece, and almost in the same way, a man was shot dead, about twenty-two years since.

Hartford, March 23.—By reason of the heavy rains during the week past, the streams in this part of the country as far as we have heard, in every direction, have risen to an unexampled height, and caused an immense destruction of property, public and private. Bridges, mills, fences, buildings of all descriptions, dwelling-houses, barns, &c. &c. are swept away, many families reduced to distress, by either being driven from their habitation for a season, or in having them completely destroyed. In this town,

there is no mark of so high a flood in Connecticut River, since the year 1692. The rise was so rapid, as that people were scarcely able to secure their most valuable property in stores, and houses, before the buildings were filled with water. Every family in that part of the town which lies near to the river; has been forced to flee for refuge among their neighbours; many of the families were taken from the windows, into boats, and carried away; some of the one story houses, are in water to the roofs; the lower stories of all are nearly filled; and the scene wears the appearance of extreme desolation, and melancholy. Front Street, from the little river, to the north meadow gate, is so full of water, that boats pass the whole length. At New Hartford, we are informed, that one man was drowned. In this town we have not experienced the loss of any lives.

Domestic Occurrences.

New-York, March 4.—This day being the day on which the inauguration of the President and Vice President of the United States took place at the Seat of Government, it was observed in this city agreeable to the plan which had been previously published by a committee of arrangement, appointed for the purpose. The day, which was remarkably fine, was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.---At ten o'clock the military and a great number of citizens assembled at the Battery and walked in procession to the Presbyterian Church, where Mr. Paulding read the Declaration of Independence. Select Music succeeded. A collection was then made for the benefit of the poor; and the ceremonials of the church were closed by an Oration from Mr. Wortman. From the Church the procession returned to the Battery, where a salute was fired: and the citizens separated.

10th.—Eight of the convicts in the State Prison, made their escape last night.—We understand that they effected it by converting a large knife into a saw, with which they worked through the floor in the upper, into the lower apartment, from whence, by forcing a bolted door, they liberated themselves.—

11th.—Four more Culprits escaped from the State Prison, three of whom were sentenced for life, and one for fourteen years.

30th.—A violent gale of wind from N. E. attended with rain, was experienced in this vicinity for the 24 hours preceeding this morning. During the violence of the gale, the Essex Frigate drove from her moorings on shore at the Wallabout, but we believe has received little or no damage. Few shipping in the East and North rivers escaped some trifling injury. An elegant brick store on Walton's wharf, occupied by Minturn and Barker, containing 6000 bushels Indian Corn, and 2000 bushels Salt, together with a number of other articles, blew down. The tide which rose rapidly to an uncommon height, filled a great number of cellars with water, and swept from the wharves great quantities of staves, lumber, &c. The amount of the damage sustained we have not been able to ascertain.

Marriages.

4th,—by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Charles W. Taylor, to Miss Cornelia Winthrop, daughter of Francis B. Winthrop, Esq.

5th,—Mr. Wm. Chambers to Miss Ann Patton.

Mr. Jonas Ketcham, merchant, of this city, to Miss Amelia Conklin, daughter of Mr. Abel Conklin.

Mr. Oliver Place, to Miss Naomi Smith, daughter of Zach. Smith.

Mr. Alexander Smith to Miss Eliz. Chichester, daughter of Mr. Eliphalet Chichester.

7th,—by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Henry Fisher, merchant, of this city, to Mrs. Sarah Ogden, widow of the late David Ogden.

At Westbury Meeting-house, (L. I.) Phebe Titus, daughter of Peter Titus, to Jacob Carl, both of North Hempstead.

8th,—by the Rev. Mr. Wall, Mr. James Currie, a native of North Britain, to Miss Margaret Love, from Ireland.

9th.—at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Samuel W. Davies, of this city, to Miss Mary G. Thompson, of that city.

12th.—at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Bishop White, Dr. Felix Pascallis, to Miss Elizabeth Harris M'Klintock, both of that city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. James Barkley, merchant of Philadelphia, to Miss Finlay.

13th.—at the same place, by the Rev. Mr. Milldoler, Mr. John Hutton, to Miss Eliza Baker, daughter of Capt. Baker, of the Navy of the U. States.

14th.—at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Fry, to Miss Kitty Patterson, both of that city.

Deaths.

February 28th.—Mr. James Hill, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

March 14th.—At Albany, Mrs. Van Rensselear, consort of the Hon. Lieutenant Governor.

30th.—Mrs. Rachel Myers.



MARCH 31.

This morning arrived the very fast sailing ship *Eliza*, capt. Brown, in the remarkable short passage of TWENTY FOUR days from Plymouth, (Eng.) Capt. Brown informs, that his Majesty the King of England, was so ill of a fever, that his life was wholly despaired of. No person was admitted to his presence except his Physicians, who reported every half hour the state of his health which was stuck upon the gates of the Palace for the information of numerous crouds there assembled.